

Isca Libra!

The sword had waited since the earliest times and since time itself was an uncertain thing. The sword was not merely in a river. The sword was in THE river. The river of all rivers. The archetype of all rivers.

There, in the archetype of all rivers, was the archetype of ALL swords.
The sword waited for the hero.

The lady of the waters guarded the sword. The lady of the river and the stream and the lake. The lady's role in the flow of events was to give and take. The sword would be returned to her in the fullness or in the emptiness.

She was Queen of Cups and inspirer of battle.

She was Cornucopia and eternal.

She was Saint Trinity Nine above and below and in the depths of The World's dark mind. The sword would return to her whether it be imprisoned in stone or in oak. She must give the sword to the hero and the sword would bring the principle of all swords. Death, destruction, blood would flow and tears would flow and the Lady would be there as part of Kore and Hecate and blindfolded justice. And when the level had been reached and the scales had balanced fair and true then the sword would return to the Lady of the waters. And he came. They called him Arthur of the Britons.

His task was to unite the Celtic tribes against the invading Angles and Saxons. Rome was over, Rome was dead. The power of the Druids would rise again.

And he came, following the lines which connected all the way from the Ocean Lizard to the Isle of Apples and in the middle of his journey to the lands of The Dumnonii and to the waters of Isca and he stood with Merlin his priest and they wept tears into the river.

Then, as their tears united with the waters of the River Isca, the Lady emerged from the depths of all rivers and all streams and all lakes and granted Arthur the archetypal sword of all swords, but only for a time.

One day his body would be buried on the Isle of Apples and the fate of Britain would be decided. The Scales of Justice would swing in the unbalance and Liberty would be gained and lost, gained and lost, gained and lost.

Until then Arthur would be the hero and wield the sword.

As she threw the sword to Arthur the Lady cried out the name of the sword. A new name for a new time

and the name of the sword was **ISCA LIBRA!!!**